

INTERESTING LETTER

FROM GERMANY

Germany, January 26, 1919.

I will write a few of my experiences, affairs, methods and habits of life. I am a National Army man. The joke these volunteers have on the drafted birds, as they are called, is: "You son of a gun, you wouldn't enlist, but they got you anyhow, and we have on the volunteers: You joined the Army to have a home. But my first paragraph will be on my introduction to the army."

I first took two examinations in Farmington, Mo., and was passed both times for a sound man, but I think I was overlooked both times. Anyway along in the month of February, 1918, I got a notice from the Local Draft board of Farmington to report in Farmington on March the 4th at 9:30 o'clock for military service in the U. S. army. Well I began getting ready to go. I had a week's notice. I reported there at 9:30 on the appointed date and the first thing was roll call and we have had it ever since. The next thing, they appointed a captain in charge of the crew. Then about 12 o'clock we ate our dinner. The dinner was given by some women's club. I know not what club, but I know the dinner known as Monjay in French and as essen in Dutch was good and the women were good too or else they wouldn't have given it to us. In addition they put cats on the car to feed us for supper and breakfast too. About 1 p. m. we were run out of the stock pen and put in the cattle cars and then the army life began. There were between fifty and seventy-five head in our car. We proceeded to enjoy ourselves the remainder of the afternoon and the following night. About ten o'clock the next morning we reached the camp at Fort Riley, Kansas. There we were run out of the cars and lined up for roll-call. It was pretty cold, but that mattered not as we had to wait for our turn and the other fellows had to do the same. I had to laugh to see the first fellow get his punishment, so I will explain it. He had taken down to hard drinking and dice rolling and some how or other he had lost his cap. When his name was called he answered "here" and he stepped out. He was asked where his hat was. He said he lost it last night. They put him out about 30 feet from us by three hours by a little tree, bare headed, and the wind was blowing very cold. You see, the army wants everybody to look alike, and he had no hat. Therefore, he had to be put out of the ring. Well, then we were taken up to the supply office. There we got our beds, ticks, mess-kits and some of our clothes, and the clothes were all sizes. They were taken as they came to them. And then we were run down to the barracks where we put up our beds, and then went out and lined up for chow—our dinner in other words. There were not more than 2250 of us in one line. That wasn't many, was it. The next morning we proceeded to drill. It was rather hard to submit ourselves to discipline. Nevertheless it had to be. The next thing was to learn to come to attention. Come to attention means to stand perfectly straight

with the hands down to the sides and keep the feet at an angle of 45 degrees. The next was to learn to do right face and left face and about face, and then came drill. That was, first to fall in line count 4's and then the command was given 4's right and right by 4's; then we went four abreast and kept step by the count, like 1, 2, 3, 4, hep, hep, left, left, etc.

I had a good home and I left and actual drill in the fields like on right into line column, right column, and so on. Next was reviews, and we had to shine up our shoes and shave up and look neat, line up and march out



LEE E. HIGHTOWER,
of Ambulance Co. 15, A. E. F.
(This picture is from a kodak picture, made soon after reaching the Rhine, and savors somewhat of strenuous service.)

and form a company front which consisted of 24 or 25 in a breast, and then we passed the review stand. The command was given: eyes right and we were by the next was front and right by fours double time. Next we had to be vaccinated and take some shots in the arm, and that put some of us on the sick roll, so then we had to sick call. We had sick call at 7 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We lined up and an officer looked in our mouths and made us say "A H", and passed us on. Next we got our packs and then began the big hikes with full packs. We proceeded with our work until about April 14th, when we had about 4

inches of snow and 8 inches of mud. Then we got orders to pack up to leave, so we packed and went out in the snow and mud and lined up and awaited orders to go. About 12 o'clock we took the train and headed eastward. We had quite a little train ride and were well guarded, but we enjoyed the trip at that. We went through some nice towns and cities and the people at these places treated us to candies, cakes and apples, and other fruits. But we got tired before we reached our stopping place. It took us three days and nights to make the trip. When we got off the train we went up to the camp, which was called a Rest Camp, but I called it a quarantine camp, for we were under quarantine most all the time while there. I did manage to get a 24-hour pass, and in addition was taken a few 25-mile hikes. There are certainly some nice scenery in N. J. We were in camp about a month, and one night about bed time we got orders to pack up our junk and get ready to leave. About 4 o'clock in the morning we took the train over to the docks in N. Y. There we were loaded on the ship, and about 2:30 p. m. we set sail. We went to Halifax, Canada, which was a 2-rats trip. There we got our convoy and set sail for Europe. We were on the ocean almost 15 1-2 days. Believe me, I got tired of seeing nothing but water, but we had some drill and amusements that kept us from worrying. About three days before we reached shore we were greeted by about 10 destroyers. The next day just before dark we were attacked by a submarine. But those little destroyers began their active work, dropping the depth bombs in after them. There was some noise there for awhile, so I began to think that I was in war, and was, too, but they didn't get to fire a shot at our ship. About nightfall the "amusement" stopped. Some said there were four "subs" and that three were sunk. But anyway, it changed our course and made us two days later getting there. We sailed up the Thames river. I have read of the Thames river being beautiful, and sure enough it was. It is not a wide river but it must be pretty deep for a large ship like we were on to sail on. The ship looked as large as the river. We sailed up as far as East London and landed and took the train to South Hampton and American rest camps. We had about four hours' ride on an English train. The train was somewhat smaller than our American trains. We saw English women dressed as men and doing the work of men while the men were away fighting. Then I began to wake up to the fact that I was in a strange country. Yet the people used the same language as we. However, it is hard to understand an Englishman, unless you listen very closely, for he speaks real fast. We were in England two days, then took ship and sailed for France. We got to France the next day. There we saw the French people and heard a peculiar language like "Bonjour Day", "Bon Bons", etc. We were put into a little English and American rest camp in small tents, about 3 1-2 feet in diameter, and 16 men in one of these. You can imagine our rest. But we managed to make out by some of us staying up late while the others slept.

We made out pretty good there for about two days and then we took train and went to Blois, France, and remained there four days. We got some drill there with rifles and some gas drill. We went through the gas chamber and there was where I was separated from my old companions, and it was certainly lonesome when I left them. Anyway I had plenty of company. I was sent from Blois to the field hospital, near Chatte, and there I began my career of actual duty for Uncle Sam. At first we didn't see very many patients, but the next day we received something like 825 patients, most all gassed. Maybe you think we didn't have our hands full. Most of those fellows were Marines and most of them were gassed with mustard gas. That is a bad gas. It goes through the clothing and burns. It was a big job but I was glad to do all I could to relieve those fellows of their pains and give them comfort. I was immediately assigned work on night-shift steady. About the second morning I was there we were lined up for chow. All of a sudden a buzzing noise was heard overhead, and my, but the line did diminish rapidly. I, not knowing exactly the danger, stayed out in line. A few minutes later over came another big shell which hit a building near by. I then hunted a hole, but I got my chow before I left and went into the cellar to eat it. That was my first exposure to shell fire. We were there nearly 5 weeks and then we moved back for rest. Then I was transferred to Ambulance Co. 15 and have been with this company until now. About three days after I was assigned to the company I got the fever and chills and went to the hospital and was there for about a week and then I was well, so I was sent from there to a Replacement Camp, and there I was assigned to my company. Then I was sent out with some dough boys and Marines not my same dv. back to our outfits. So we rode on the train about a week before we found our outfits and we sure saw quite a lot of graves on our trip. But we found our division located around near Marcy, France. So I found my company in a near-by town called St. Nicholas. The boys had their pup tents stretched up along the bank of a small river. So there we had it pretty nice, we could wash our clothes and scare away a few of the cooties. I guess you know what they are. If not, they are fire. But now we are most rid of them. Well we enjoyed ourselves pretty well there. We could take a good swim in the river every day or so and go up into town and talk to the French girls—that is, the ones that could talk French. I did not know much French, therefore I could not carry on very much of a conversation with the Janes. Then it wasn't long until we left there and went up close to the front. But did not make any drive there but we stayed there a few days and then came back and stayed in a little town known as Flavilles. This was a little farmers' town. I will explain

what this is and there we had quite a little drill and there were quite a lot of plum orchards around there and very frequently we paid them a visit to see how they were and if they were ripe and if they were good. Well it wasn't long until we got orders to leave for the front. Well the Americans had prepared for the drive for a month so they threw over a notorious barrage and that put the enemy on the move so the Americans went over the top right with the barrage and took quite a large number of prisoners and guns. Well this was my first trip up to the front but I made out good. We wasn't up there but a few days until we got relieved and went back into another little French town for a rest. The name of this little town was Dorgemain. It was near a large town named Toul. So we got a pass to visit Toul. Well it was a pretty nice town to buy souvenirs in, providing you had francs enough. I managed to buy some. The little town where we were located was surrounded with vineyards. Well, plum time was over so we had to visit the grapes. We found that some of them were on the green order. There were two kinds of them. One kind the French use for making wine and the other for confiteene, or jam. The latter were the sweetest so we gave them the best of our attention. Well we proceeded to thrive good then for most of two weeks. Then we got orders to get ready to leave. We went on to what is known as the Champagne front, and there we reached our objective in a very short time. We took Mont Blanc Ridge and several kilometers beyond there. We were again relieved and came back for rest. We got a few days but not many so soon got orders to go to another front so we went on what is known as Argonne Forest drive, and it was our final drive. We made rapid advance and wound up our battle on the Meuse River. We'll never forget the last battle for I was in the midst. Believe me I was sure happy when the last shot was fired. If I ever did listen for anything I certainly did then. Well then we were all happy and so next was to prepare for a long march. But we didn't realize what a long march it was until we began, and believe me it liked to get my goat. Maybe you think it is nice to view the country through which you travel but that was a time when I didn't view much country for I was loaded with a large pack and equipment and wished it could be reduced. Well we came to Luxembourg and on into Germany and on to the Rhine, where we wound up with what is known as the "Watch on the Rhine". I hope that all who read this sketch or gains courage enough to complete reading it, so I will explain the peculiarity of the European people. The people of England, France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany are similar in custom, methods and habits of life. But they are dissimilar to those of the U. S. These people wear quite a lot of those wooden shoes. Well those shoes look very odd. They make people look very awkward and they make quite a lot of noise. But the majority wear leather shoes. The little French boys dress a little different to those of England and Germany. They wear aprons over their pants. Their clothing is very scarce and their food is not plentiful. What I mentioned above about the farm towns, they are commonly spoken of over here as villages. These villages are composed of farmers. Those farmers have their houses built close together and some of them have little one-room stores and others have cafes and there they sell books, drinks, such as wine, beer and a few other drinks. The funny thing is they have their house and barn built together. The buildings are inhabited by people, chickens, hogs, cattle and horses. Well I suppose it is very convenient to have everything so handy and there they have it on the U. S. farmers. And maybe one farmer will have one acre and on that one acre he will have 50 varieties of stuff growing. And there is where he has it on the U. S. farmer again. Where he has it on him again is when his stuff is ready for market he puts it on a wheel barrow and takes it to market. I think this country will be a progressive one, though, as soon as they can get supplied again. This war has made a change, thanks to all who read this composition.

LEE E. HIGHTOWER,
Ambulance Co. 15, A. E. F., via N. Y.,
Second Div., Germany.

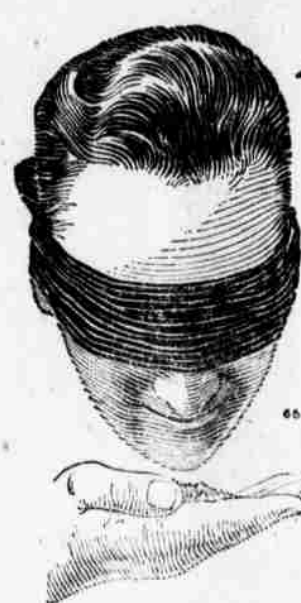
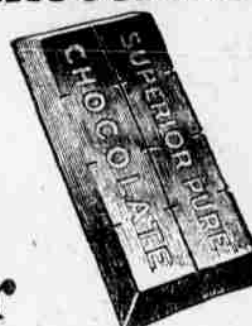
FROM PRIVATE JEFF

D. POSTON, JR.,
Sayn, Germany, Feb. 23, 1919.

Dear Father:—Just finished a complete round of letters on Friday. Think it will not hurt anyone if I spend most of this day in another round. You see this is about all the ammunition we "Medics" have an opportunity to put over. Yesterday brought mail and there were six letters for me. One from John, one from Archie, one from Adolph, one from Uncle Jerry, and two from you. John's letter was quite lengthy and had plenty of news. Uncle Jerry's letter summed up the conditions in the Lead Belt. The letter from Silver Springs was the only one that could be termed brief. Well, I am all O. K. as usual, and as busy as the last time I wrote.

We expect the men to be returned from detached services and suppose we shall take up the daily program again. This is reported to begin tomorrow, although I do not know how true this is. This is Sunday morning and I got up for breakfast. A soldier gets only one morning per week to sleep as late as he wishes and most of the men are yet in bed at nine o'clock. We had the holiday yesterday and I slept (or lay awake) until after eleven. In fact I had made my bed and was shaving when the bugle sounded for dinner, and I missed the soup line by finishing my shave and wash, and there was chicken soup (Campbell's) for dinner.

Some of the boys celebrated yesterday's holiday by a trip on the Rhine. The Y. M. C. A. has a trip that starts at Newwid and continues above Coblenz. The boat starts at 9 a. m. and returns about 6 p. m. This trip is more than the one day at Coblenz or the three day leave at

A Dash—
of Chocolate

"Your
Nose
Knows"

All foods are flavored to make them palatable. All smoking tobaccos are treated with some flavoring for the same reason. But there is a big difference in the Quality and kind of tobacco flavorings. Tuxedo, the finest of properly aged burley tobacco, uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—chocolate! That is why "Your Nose Knows" Tuxedo from all other tobaccos—by its delicious pure fragrance.

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment.

"Your Nose Knows"

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



DRUGGISTS! VICK'S VAPORUB SHORTAGE OVERCOME AT LAST

The Deal Scheduled for Last November, which was Postponed on account of the Influenza Epidemic, is now Reinstated—Good during the Month of March.

OVER ONE MILLION JARS OF VAPORUB PRODUCED EACH WEEK

It is with pride that we announce to the drug trade that the shortage of Vick's Vaporub, which has lasted since last October, is now overcome. Since January 1st, we have been running our laboratory twenty-three and a half hours out of every twenty-four. Last week we shipped the last of our back orders, and retail druggists, therefore, are no longer requested to order in small quantities only.

NOVEMBER DEAL REINSTATED

This deal, which we had expected to put on last November and which had to be postponed on account of the shortage of Vaporub, is reinstated for the month of March. This allows a discount of 10 per cent on shipments from jobbers' stock of quantities of from 1 to 4 gross. 5 per cent of this discount is allowed by the jobber and 5 per cent by us.

We advise the retail druggists to place their orders immediately, so that the jobbers will be able to get prompt shipments to them.

THANKS OF THE PUBLIC DUE THE DRUG TRADE DURING THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC

The thanks of the American public are certainly due the entire drug trade—retail, wholesale and manufacturing—for what they accomplished during the recent influenza epidemic. The war caused a shortage of physicians—nurses were almost impossible to obtain—the demand on the drug trade was unexpected and overwhelming, and to this demand they responded nobly. Retail druggists kept open day and night and slept where they dropped behind the pre-

scription counter. Wholesale druggists called their salesmen off the road to help fill orders—hundreds wired us to ship Vick's Vaporub by the quickest route, regardless of expense.

TREMENDOUS JOB TO INCREASE OUR PRODUCTION

In this emergency we have tried to do our part. We scoured the country for raw materials—our Traffic Manager spent his days riding freight cars in—we shipped raw materials in car load lots by express and pleaded with manufacturers to increase their deliveries to us.

But it was a slow process. Some of our raw materials are produced only in Japan—supplies in this country were low and shipments required three months to come from the Far East. Then we had to recruit and train skilled labor. We brought our salesmen into the factory and trained them as foremen. We invented new machinery, and managed to install it on Christmas day, so as not to interfere with our daily production.

143 JARS OF VAPORUB EVERY MINUTE DAY AND NIGHT

By January 1st we had everything ready to put on our night shift, and since then our laboratory has been running day and night. To feed our automatic machines, which drop out one hundred and forty-three jars of Vaporub a minute or one million and eighty thousand weekly, has required a force of 500 people. Our Cafe Department, created for the benefit of these workers, served 7,000 meals during the month of January alone.

13 MILLION JARS OF VAPORUB DISTRIBUTED SINCE OCTOBER

An idea of the work we have accomplished this Fall may be given by our production figures—13,028,976 jars of Vaporub manufactured and distributed since last October—one jar for every two families in the entire United States.

During the influenza epidemic, Vick's Vaporub was used as an external application in connection with the physician's treatment, and thousands of people, unable to obtain a doctor, relied on Vick's almost exclusively.

Literally millions of families all over the country, from California to Maine, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, have found Vick's Vaporub the ideal home remedy for croup and cold troubles.



VICK'S VAPORUB
50¢ BOTTLE 120¢ "YOUR BODYGUARD"

Newwid, I am not over anxious to see any more of these German towns, so I have not gone on leave yet.

It looks like we were going to have some spring now. It has been raining and there has been only a small freeze within the week. We let the fire die down in the stove yesterday and opened the windows completely. It has been warm enough to sleep without using our overcoats as cover, and to go without them. Archie sent me a clipping on the vote on the "League of Nations" resolution in the House. Once again the Republicans are making themselves obnoxious and spelling their own defeat in 1920. I believe that Champ Clark is going to cast his hat for the Presidential chair. The Democrats have another good man, while there isn't any prominent figure for the opposite party.

Got the clipping on Ethel Armon's marriage, also the piece on the Lead companies' new trick. As I said once before, such acts are going to take on a new aspect in the future. Labor unions are adopting attitudes that are decidedly not antagonistic or obstinate and the corporations must come to new standards.

There are no mines here. In coming to Germany we passed through Longwy, the important mining town of the valley, seized by the Germans in their first steps of war against France.

At this place, at Essen and at Newwid are the foundries of the Krupps. There are some coal mines in the plateau above the valley.

You wanted to know about the vineyards. There are not as many now as there were before the war and the few left are on waste places. Have no pictures to illustrate, though I have sent you a few. Those streaks on the pictures of the hills of the Rhine are either rows of small vines or terraced vineyards. Most are the latter. One important industry of this immediate vicinity is making of brick. The subsoil at a depth of about five feet is made of chalky gravel, the particles are about the size of chat in the Lead Belt, though round and soft. When these particles are wet they can be pressed into blocks which are quite light and hold their shape very well. These bricks are used for building purposes only, and they make a pretty white house. When finished off with concrete the effect is good.

While on a hike into the hills recently we saw a herd of deer. Another trip we saw a red fox. There are some wild boar in the pine thickets. Well I must close for this time. With much love, I am affectionately,
Your son,
Private Jeff D. Poston.

FROM SERGT. HORACE EATON

Mrs. P. G. Hunt, Farmington, Mo.,
Dear Aunt:—Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and got through the war O. K., but there were times I had my doubts about getting through. I was lucky. Well, I guess we are glad the big show is over at last. The war sure left some awful sights—things folks would not believe unless they could see them. Northern France is nothing but shell holes and barbed wire entanglements.

The 124th Field Artillery made a good "rep". We were cited in the St. Mihiel drive for our good work; but the real fighting took place in the Argonne. We fought there 72 hours at a time in the rain and mud; we sure did let the Boche have it, too.

Then we were pulled out of the battle and put in a camp a few miles back of the lines for a rest and new equipment and were there about 10 days, then were put in the Argonne-Meuse and were on the Meuse near Verdun when the armistice was signed.

Am spending a delightful winter in Luxembourg, a very pretty country, but so lonesome for there is nothing to go to nor see. Am very comfortably situated, have a nice room and a real bed, the first I've had since last July when I was in Berancon, France. Passed through Belgium coming up here; the people sure were glad to see the American soldiers, and gave us their houses to sleep in. I have had three chances to go to officers' training school, but I would rather stay with my battery because I have a good job and we have very good officers and our regiment about the best artillery regiment in the service. We were all volunteers to begin with. Of course we have filled up with drafted men since the war because we lost some men in the Argonne battle. Well it is getting near bed time—it is bed time over here for a soldier as soon as it gets dark. Love to all.

Sergt. Horace Eaton,
Batt. 124 F. A., A. E. F., Gasseldinger, Luxembourg.

ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY

JUDGE TAKES BRIDE

Judge Mitchell of the County Court of St. Francois county and Miss Belle Ferguson of near Mine La Motte were married yesterday at the home of the bride by Rev. Bailey of Farmington. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell took the noon train here for St. Louis, where they will visit a few days and then return to Esther where they will live.

The popularity of Judge Mitchell is indicated by the large vote he received for County Judge. His bride is well known here as a very charming and cultured woman and they have the best wishes of all for a long and happy life.—Fredericktown Democrat-News.

Forgot What He Needed.

From the Republican, Mt. Gilead, Ohio: "The editor had an interesting experience some time ago, when a young gentleman came to this office and asked for a copy of the Morrow County Republican. He scrutinized it carefully when a copy was handed him, and then said: 'Now I know!' 'What is it you are looking for,' we inquired. 'My wife sent me after a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I forgot the name. I went to several stores and the clerks named over everything in the line on the shelf except Chamberlain's. I'll try again, and I'll never go home without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.' The Republican would suggest to the proprietors of stores, that they post their clerks, and never let them substitute. Customers lose faith in stores where substituting is permitted, to say nothing of the injustice to makers of good goods and the disappointment of customers. Obtainable everywhere.

C. J. HARRELSON
Dealer in
REAL ESTATE
Pension Claims a Specialty.
Office on Dalton Corner, Farmington, Missouri.